

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01164057 0

A MEMOIR *

* THE HONORABLE

ELIJAH LEONARD *



Elliott Co

TORONTO

yours truly
E Leonard

H.C.B
581m

LIBRARY
OF TORONTO LIBRARIES
1874

THE
HONORABLE
ELIJAH LEONARD.
—
A MEMOIR.

187495
1872124

To Hon Edward Blake M.P.
Toronto Ont

Compliments of
E. Leonard & Sons.

London, Ont
Sept 12. 1891

Autobiography.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE LEONARD FAMILY.

MY father came from the old Leonard stock of Taunton, Mass., having been born at or near that place, May 1st, 1787. His father's name was Samuel, and because there were other Leonards with the same given name he was known among his associates as "Black Sam." My grandmother's name was Mary Williams. I remember them both, as when I was young my grandparents made their home with us at a place called Constantia, N. Y. When I was about ten years old, in 1824, I remember attending his funeral. My grandfather was a worker in iron, as were my forefathers from the time that they came to Massachusetts from Wales, about 1650. I have in my possession an old United States Gazetteer (title page with date missing), which says "that in the vicinity of Taunton 800 tons of iron were manufactured, of which 450 tons are made into spades and shovels, that Mr. Samuel Leonard rolled the first shovel ever done in America, and that this invention reduced the price one half." I have every reason to suppose this was my grandparent. In 1870 I visited Taunton, and was shown the locality of the Leonard Forge, which had been in operation for over two hundred years. The motive power was an overshot water wheel, the shaft of which extended out with cams attached that drove the trip hammers. At this time the forge was employed in making ship anchors. I was also shown the site of the old Leonard House, and subsequently, at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in

1876, I saw some of the nails used in its construction, which were no doubt made by my ancestors. As near as I can recollect the story, my father ran away from home before he had completed his apprenticeship, and going through Vermont made his way west to the vicinity of Lakes George and Champlain, where he no doubt engaged in manufacturing iron, as that locality was then and is now famous for its iron production.

SCHOOLBOY DAYS AND YOUTH.

My mother, Polly Stone, was born March 25th, 1793, and I know but little more than that she met my father in that locality, and they were married October 31st, 1811, and shortly afterwards came to live in the vicinity of Syracuse, N. Y., where he purchased a farm. My eldest brother Lewis, myself and Lyman were born on this farm, September 2nd, 1813, September 10th, 1814, and March 16th, 1816, respectively. But farming did not suit my father's views, and we removed to a place called Taburg, north of Syracuse, and he was engaged in an iron furnace at that place. My sisters, Sarah Ann and Maria, were born here. Our next move was to Constantia, N. Y., where father purchased a furnace from a New York firm, and carried on a large business; but getting into a dispute with the owners unfortunately went to law. His case was partially successful, but it was so expensive that he failed soon afterwards, and went back to his farm near Syracuse. When in Constantia, my brother Delos was born. We remained on the farm about five years. What little schooling I got was when we lived here, and that during the winter. My brother Lewis and I had a little colt which we hitched to a home-made sleigh, and drove to and from school. Among my early recollections of Syracuse was the opening of the Erie canal, as it was a holiday the entire length from Albany to Buffalo. The citizens had cannons placed at intervals, and announced the meeting of the waters of Lake Erie with

those of the Hudson River by the booming of the big guns from point to point. This was a wonderful feat. The canal was a small affair then to what it is now, as the State enlarged it from time to time when its usefulness became apparent. The boats at that time carried about forty tons, and were only about nine feet wide, and proportionately long. I once took a trip with my uncle Draper in his canal boat to Albany, assisting him in its management and doing my share of the driving and steering.

REMOVAL TO CANADA.

In 1829, my father and brother Lewis went to Long Point, Norfolk County, Canada, to take charge of Messrs. Joseph & Benjamin VanNorman's furnace at Normandale. They remained away a year, returning in 1830 to Syracuse for our family. I remember it well, for mother cried for nearly a whole week as she could not reconcile herself to leave her comfortable surroundings and neighbors to go to the unknown land of Canada. Once settled, however, she became better pleased, as we formed in that place acquaintances who remained staunch friends ever afterwards. While in Normandale, my sister Adelia was born. It was also in this place that my good mother's sterling qualities were put to the test. In 1831 or 1832, my three brothers and myself took typhoid fever. For nearly two months our house was a hospital, and had it not been for her careful nursing and attention we never would have survived. There were five other cases in the village at the same time, but they did not recover. I hope we repaid our dear mother with our love and devotion afterwards. It made a life-long impression on me. We four brothers have now nearly passed the allotted time given to mankind, and have all been useful members of society, thanks to her early training and love.

It was in my uncle's canal boat that our family travelled from Syracuse to Buffalo. On our arrival, father

hunted up a Capt. Horton, who agreed to take us to Normandale in his little sloop (I have forgotten her name)- Into this tiny craft we were packed with one or two other passengers. We ran close to the shore, in and out, all the way. The trip took seven days and nights on Lake Erie's troublesome waters, partly due to our captain, who was a great lover of camp meetings. When off Ebony Point, about fifteen miles west of Buffalo, he went ashore to one of these meetings and remained a couple of days. My father became so exasperated with the enthusiast that he went after him, and by the threat that he would sail without him got him aboard, and we made a fresh start. The idea of leaving us so exposed on the lake with only a rope cable to our anchor was both careless and inhuman. There was not much religion in that conduct. After tacking to and fro, and baffling with wind and waves for the balance of the seven days we arrived safe and sound at the mouth of Potter's Creek, glad once more to put foot on its sandy little shore.

PRIMITIVE IRON FOUNDING.

We lived on the east bluff in a frame house on a lot owned for many years by Mr. Tolmie, but the building has long since disappeared. The Normandale Furnace, as it was called, was established by an Englishman named Capron some years before. He did not make the business pay, and sold out to the Messrs. VanNorman. The furnace consisted of a brick stack or chimney about thirty feet high and five feet bosh, built on the side of a hill. Motive power was obtained from the fine stream of water running through the village, which kept in motion an overshot wheel about fourteen feet in diameter, that in turn drove a double piston bellows by means of cranks. Only one tuyere was employed to admit the blast. The charcoal was made back in the bush, and the iron ore teamed in from a swamp about seven miles west. My father had charge of the works, and directed

the mixing of ore and charcoal in the top house. The material was dumped into the furnace by barrows and the iron, when melted, ran down into a hearth about two feet wide and five feet long. Into this receptacle we dipped our ladles and carried off the product direct to the flasks. When in full blast we took off two heats in twenty-four hours, consisting of plows, stoves, kettles, sleigh shoes, and all kinds of castings required in a new country. One of the stoves made at these works is at present in use in the Art School-room, Mechanics' Institute in this city. At this time Normandale was a thriving place, the furnace requiring about four hundred men directly and indirectly getting out and teaming ore, burning charcoal, working about the furnace, and attending to the mercantile part of the establishment. Normandale has receded since those days and contains about eighty inhabitants now. The site of the furnace can yet be located, but in place of smoke, and glare, and heat, and the throb of the bellows, all is quiet save the noise of the ever-running stream. A vegetable garden takes the place of the top house and the side hill is covered by a goodly sized orchard.

The ore we used was bog ore, which was gathered from the neighboring swamps and brought to the furnace with teams. This supply lasted a good while, but played out finally, and the furnace, then in charge of Mr. Romaine VanNorman, was abandoned about 1853, after having supplied for years the whole of Western Canada with castings. I understand there is yet plenty of this ore in the same locality, but it does not pay to work it at the present price of pig iron.

FIRST START IN BUSINESS.

My brother Lyman and myself learnt the trade of moulding in Normandale, and Louis was a clerk in the Messrs. VanNorman store. In 1834 I was on the look-out for a place to start business and took a trip to Hamilton,

which I thought favorably of, but abandoned the idea for the reason that there was a foundry at Ancaster, and there was too much water adjacent. If that beautiful bay and lake had only been farm lands the locality would have answered nicely. I finally selected St. Thomas for my foundry, and formed a partnership with my father and Mr. Philip C. Van-Brocklyn; our capital was \$150, or twelve pounds ten shillings, Halifax currency, each. The papers were dated May 7th, 1834, and signed at Normandale, the witnesses being Joseph Favor and J. H. Neil. This document is framed and hangs in my private office in London. Mr. VanNor-man was always kind to me, and when leaving his employ said, "Now, Elijah, as you are going into business for yourself, let me advise you never to sell a man goods unless you are sure they are going to do him some good." We had a great many transactions together, as I bought my iron from him for years, and our business relations were as pleasant as they were when he was my employer. The family moved up to St. Thomas about this time, so that father and I could be together. Our pocket furnace, as it was called, was rather a crude affair to start with. We rented for a year, from the late Anson Paul, an axe factory that some men had started and abandoned. It was near his mill, south of St. Thomas, on the road to Port Stanley, in what was called "Hog Hollow." There was, at the time, a pair of blacksmith's bellows in the building, driven by a water wheel; the bellows were pressed up by cams under each, working alternately. Our plan of melting was to build a chimney over a large caldron kettle suspended on its trunions in such a way that the kettle could be turned and emptied without disturbing the brickwork of the chimney. By keeping the opening between the chimney and kettle closed with bricks and clay we could melt at one time about two hundred pounds of iron, and take off two such heats a day. This was quite a business, and we managed

fairly well, but did not satisfy Mr. VanBrocklyn, so I bought him out, and as money was out of the question one of the considerations I gave him was a fur cap. Before the year was out, my father retired, so I had the business all to myself. When I went to get a renewal of my lease, I found Mr. Paul unwilling to extend it, so I was forced to look elsewhere. I finally purchased a lot on the east side of Port Stanley street, opposite the Market Square, on which I built a shop with a foundry in the rear. As there was no water power up town I had recourse to driving my bellows by horse power. The apparatus consisted of a large wooden wheel, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, with a heavy wooden shaft through it, and the arms boarded over strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. By tilting it a little I made an inclined plane for the horse to walk upon, and thus got quite a purchase by his weight. The power in this way acquired was conveyed by a shaft to a pair of bellows as before described. For some years I used the same kettle and style of stack as I first put up in "Hog Hollow." Subsequently I much improved my bellows and built a proper cupola with tuyeres on each side and a drop door, which answered me until I left St. Thomas. This work was done by a millwright named Thomas Lemon. My business consisted of mill gearing and castings, stoves and andirons, plows, kettles, and all kinds of odds and ends. I do not recollect having any iron working tools in St. Thomas.

REBELLION EXPERIENCES.

I had barely got nicely started up town when the rebellion of 1836-37 broke out. Then everything was brought to a standstill. Trade was demoralized and food became very scarce. Flour was worth \$12 to \$15 per barrel, and everything was proportionately dear. Our family were in great distress and could hardly get enough to eat, as my little business was their only source of support. I was at one time driven almost to desperation, for I could not collect enough cash

to buy a load of hay for the horse that drove my wheel. However, I put on sufficient check to bargain for a load on the Market Square, and when it was unloaded I offered the farmer an order for a plow in payment. He was indignant and at first refused to take it, so I went around town and tried to get some money, but failed. The farmer was pacified by my efforts and took the order. But what could I do? I could not see my horse starve. There was no money in circulation, and we were obliged to trade with each other as best we could. I was very much discouraged at the outlook, and made up my mind to go to Monroe, Michigan, where my Grandfather Stone lived. Accordingly I got a permit from the commanding officer, and hired a man named Philpot, who drove me west to Chatham. I remained in that place until I got a steamboat to take me down the river. Detroit was a very low, miserable place at that time, and I took a dislike to it. My mother's relatives wanted me to start business in Monroe, but I did not like it either. I went prospecting to Ann Arbor, where they were building a town and were about to have a railway. I got no encouragement to start a foundry from the citizens. Besides I was, on the whole, not impressed with the State of Michigan, and concluded to return to St. Thomas. Of course, I had accumulated some personal property, which could not be sold in these troublesome times, and was good for nothing but to myself.

PROFESSIONAL LOYALTY BAFFLED.

Our family, being Americans, were subjected to all kinds of annoyances during these rebellion times. I was arrested four times on trivial charges. Those who made the complaints were citizens of St. Thomas who had known me for three or four years and should have been well aware that I could not be in any way interested in the rebellion. It seemed this class of people took every occasion to flaunt their "loyalty." One charge against me was lodged by

one of my most intimate friends, who laid information with Squire Ermatinger that I had cannon balls on my premises. Squires Acklyn (a great, big tyrant of a Scotchman) and Crystler were associated with him on the bench. I was summoned to appear and made my statement as follows : "I had bought a sloop load of these cannon balls from Captain Malloy, who had purchased them at Amherstburg from the condemned military stores at that point. The balls had been accumulated there during the war of 1812." After hearing me, the magistrates retired. To judge from the length of time they took to decide the case, I had a narrow escape from jail. Squire Crystler was favorable to my discharge, and I overheard him say "Let the boy off. There is nothing in the charge. He is only fulfilling the Scripture by 'beating swords into pruning hooks' or 'cannon balls into plow points!'" So I was finally let go, but I never forgave my friend for the trouble and injustice he meted out to me. I was using up these balls as fast as I could. They were hard enough to melt without being arrested for performing the task ; it required great care to keep them suspended long enough in the charcoal to melt. The balls were about six inches in diameter, and I could only use two or three at a heat. On another occasion, I was arrested for being on the street after parole time. In fact, I was just on time in front of the guard room, when a half drunken Englishman who knew me well, for I had bought charcoal from him, stepped up and asked for the countersign, pointing the musket at me. I supposed it was loaded and I caught hold of the gun and he called out the guard and I was arrested. I believe Squire Owrey of this city was the officer of the guard. I was immediately carried, late though it was, before the same bench of magistrates, who looked very grave at the charge ; but I made a good point as it was evident to them the guardsman was not in a fit

state to be on duty, so after a long discussion I was let off with a warning to allow a little more margin of time for my visits. I made a formal complaint of this affair to Colonel Bostwick at Port Stanley, but got no satisfaction as these were troublesome times, and they had to take what men they could for this class of duty. About this time there was a great meeting in London, at the Quarter Sessions. Some forty magistrates attended. A resolution was offered by some hot-head advising the Government to hang two "rebels" in each township, and thus check the rebellion by frightening the people. My old friend, the late Hon. Adam Hope, was one of these magistrates. He, with others of calmer judgment, finally prevailed on the company to withdraw this outrageous proposition. For the next few years, 1838 to 1842, I left my business in St. Thomas with my brother Lyman on shares, who, with my brother Delos, worked the foundry until the former went on a farm, when I formed a partnership with Mr. John Sells which continued up to April 1851, when I withdrew. Mr. Sells continued, and built a large addition, which was taken down with the buildings I had put up to make room for the Canada Southern Railway in 1870 or 1871.

FIRST START IN LONDON.

While struggling to get a business footing in St. Thomas, I could see, as far back as 1836, that London was sooner or later to become the Hub of Western Canada. The military authorities came to St. Thomas for the purpose of selecting a site for their headquarters and barracks, and made an offer for two hundred acres east of the town (a part of the city now), but they could not come to terms, as the owner would not sell, it was said, at a reasonable price. I think Sir John Colborne finally selected "The Forks," or London, for the military headquarters. This influenced me to remove to London as the contract was immediately let for the barrack buildings, and things

were on the "boom." I wanted to get a lot for my shops on the south-west corner of King and Talbot streets, opposite the market, but the price was too high, and I finally decided to take the offer of the late Hon. George J. Goodhue for two lots, corner of Ridout and Fullarton streets, where I built a two story building, one hundred feet on the former, and a foundry on Fullarton street. The frame of the machine shop was commenced in November 1838, and I started in my premises in 1839. I afterwards put up a two story building facing on Fullarton street, where the family lived until I purchased a large cottage just east from that again from Mr. Moffatt, of Toronto. To this cottage I added a large dining room for the purpose of boarding the apprentices and men, who slept in the two story building mentioned. These men and boys were a wild lot, and led me many a dance by their skylarking and quarrels. I was glad to give up the boarding house business a little later on. Under the main building on Ridout street I had a cellar dug, into which I put my overhead horse-power wheel and harnessed the two horses which drove it. This wheel was about fourteen feet in diameter and drove a pinion and shaft which in turn communicated with the machinery above. The cellar was a great nuisance to me after I obtained a steam engine, as it got full of water in the spring and the fly wheel threw the water across the shop. At another time, the floor gave way and tumbled the men, tools, and machinery into the water! On the other hand, this cellar was a great source of protection to my foundry and neighbors when there was a fire. My foundry was quite extensive and well-equipped with a large cupola, crane, etc. A Scotsman named Fraser made me a fan, about four feet diameter. It did me good service, but made such a horrid noise that it proved a nuisance to the whole neighborhood, especially so to my friend the late John Harris, whose dwelling (the old Eldon House) was

nearly opposite. Mr. Harris declared that his wife and daughters had to leave the house when we commenced to melt, but I could not afford then to make a change, as I was too poor. However, I got it to operate with less noise and replaced it with a double crank piston bellows, designed and built by Mr. Oswald Baynes in 1850, which worked continuously up to 1868 melting to my entire satisfaction. Mr. Harris had charge of the building of the Court House and Jail, and I was given the contract to supply the castings necessary, which were sills, lintels, washers, etc., at a very good price—something like eight cents per pound. I had to scrape all the old cast iron far and near to fill this contract, but it was a great boon to me, and quite set me up, thanks to Mr. Harris. I also made a lot of stoves and irons and fixtures for the barracks. London was not much of a place at this time. The principal business was done opposite the Court House and the only brick buildings were Mr. Dennis O'Brien's block and a small cottage on East Dundas street.

PIONEER ENGINE BUILDING.

Up to the time of leaving St. Thomas, I used charcoal for melting purposes, which I purchased from farmers in the vicinity, but was obliged to use anthracite coal soon after starting in London. I generally purchased my coal from G. R. Wilson & Co., of Buffalo, where most of my supplies then came from. These were carried in small schooners to Port Stanley, and thence drawn by teams the twenty-seven miles to London. About this time Mr. VanNorman's bog ore beds were giving out, and he could not supply me with all I wanted, and I was forced to purchase pig iron from Montreal. One of the first houses I did business with was Young, Law & Co. Others were, Mulholland & Baker, Frothingham & Workman. In the year 1842 or 1843 I went to Cleveland, O., with the late Mr. Charles Hope, who

was taking over a schooner load of lumber for sale. I, of course, visited all the shops and foundries; and in one of them, the Cuyahoga Works, saw a steam engine cylinder and some parts unfinished. This took my fancy, as I had for some time known that my two horses were not of sufficient strength to do the work. The power was unsteady and unreliable, and a change must come very soon. The upshot of our visit was that they took the lumber (Mr. Hope being unable to sell to advantage) in trade for the engine, and I agreed to pay Mr. Hope. This was the first steam engine, as far as I knew, started in Western Canada, and it did continuous and good service until 1866, when it was destroyed by fire. This cylinder was originally intended for a horizontal engine, but I bolted its head on a bed-plate (first framing a stout oak foundation) and erected two upright standards alongside, to which was fastened the guides. The cross-head was joined by a forked connecting rod to a crank pin and shaft immediately below the cylinder. The crank shaft had on it two pulleys, one to drive the machine shop and one to drive the foundry. The fly-wheel was not bored out but "staked" on the shaft by six or eight keys, fitted to as many flat places on the shaft. This required a first-class mechanic. The cylinder was about eight inches diameter and twenty-four inches stroke. I well remember when we started it for the first time, not only did my fellow-townspeople turn out in good numbers, but some came from St. Thomas to see this wonderful piece of machinery start off. They nearly filled my little shop. We carried the steam from boiler to engine in cast iron pipes and the steam was admitted by an ordinary stop cock to the engine. The plug of this cock had not been properly secured, and when the steam pressure got up a few pounds it blew out with considerable noise, immediately filling the room with steam. Oh, such a scattering of spectators! Windows and doors were not large enough to

let my friends out. They were awfully frightened, and tumbled over each other in their excitement. I knew pretty well what was the matter, and crawled under the steam and screwed the plug into its place. The engine went off nicely, but I never could get some of my friends nearer than the door afterwards. We attached a proper starting valve to the engine and a governor also, which was put up-stairs immediately above the engine. It regulated the admission of steam with a forked lever and butterfly valve. This engine continued to do all my work until I removed up to York street in 1865, and was put beyond repair by fire which destroyed the whole premises on the night of May 24th the following year. It was a sad sight to me to see one of my earliest enterprises laid so low. Only the immense brick chimney and the engine on its stout oak uprights remained, like two grim skeletons of what once was a hive of industry and a great source of pride to me.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

The first iron turning lathe I erected was one with wooden ways and iron head and tail stock similar to those now in use. The turning tools would now be called hand spikes, as they were fastened into a wooden stock or handle long enough to reach under the arm, with another short handle at right angles to steady and keep it plumb. This tool turned off its own width, say, three-quarters of an inch, when the operator was supposed to move it another three-quarters of an inch, and thus, step by step, with patience and care, make a journal. It was tedious, but a skilled workman could make fair time and a good job. We got about $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lineal inch for that work. Our shafts were almost entirely cast iron, hexagon or octagon on the outside and turned only for journals or couplings. A full turned shaft was an extravagance. All pulleys and gears were cast with hexagon or octagon holes and staked or

keyed on the shaft until they ran reasonably true. I soon bought a short slide rest with tool holder for this lathe, which turned about fifteen inches without moving. I first purchased a self-acting lathe twenty-four inch swing, sixteen feet bed, with iron ways, iron carriage and lead screw, from Wilkinson, of Buffalo, N.Y. This lathe was only partly made, and I hired the man who was then on it, a Mr. Foster, to come over to Canada and set it up and run it. This he did and remained in my employ for many years, retiring to a farm near Kerwood. We made the rack of this lathe out of wrought iron and attached it ourselves. It was cut from the solid by a Scotsman named Robert Spaulding in a very short time with a hammer and chisel. I should like to see some of our first-class machinists do such a job now! This lathe has turned out an immense deal of work, and is still in service. I made my own drilling machine. It consisted of two wooden upright standards with cross-pieces carrying the iron bushes through, which passed the spindle. The feed was obtained by short racks and pinions on each side which joined with a loose collar to the upper end of the spindle. The table was of oak, fitted between the standards that we could adjust to any height. This drill did good work, and was destroyed by the fire of 1881. My first planing machine was purchased in 1849 from the Cove Machine Co., Providence, R. I. It was twenty-two inches square with a five feet table driven by a screw. It is still in service, but must soon take a rest, which it has well earned. I also purchased a sixteen inch lathe, about six feet bed, in Rochester, N. Y. These tools, with a bolt cutter that we made ourselves, were the only tools in my machine shop for many years. My pattern making and light wood work were done above the machine shop. The first engine that I built out-and-out was started in January, 1845, and was similar to the one I had in my own shop,

an upright cylinder, eight inch diameter, twenty-four inch stroke. I sold it to Messrs. Paul and Rickart, of St. Thomas (the late Anson Paul), for their mill south of the town. This gave me a start in the engine business, and I made four afterwards from this pattern, as nearly as I can remember: one for a mill near Lambeth, one for Mr. E. W. Hyman's tannery, one for Mr. Simeon Morrill's tannery, one for Mr. Mountjoy's veneer mill, all in London.

SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY DETERMINED EFFORT.

Our tools were few and crude for the work of making engines, but our ambition was great and undaunted. We bored them out on the lathe, with the wooden ways, by means of a self-acting boring bar which we made. The pistons, cylinder heads, shafts, and other parts were made by hand turning as described. Our slide valves, valve faces and steam chest joints, all had to be chipped and filed true by hand, which was no easy job, and required the greatest skill and patience. It took a long time to turn one out, but the engines worked well. I have one of these upright engines in my store room, which was in active service up to 1888. I also made patterns for horizontal engines of 8x18 inch and 11x22 inch cylinders and made quite a number. The cylinders, guides and pillow blocks were bolted to flat cast iron frames, which were again bolted to heavy oak framework below. The slide valve was on top of the cylinder and driven by a rock shaft. I made the first with round iron guides, but they were not a success. Up to 1848 I had purchased my boilers in Buffalo, which was the most convenient place, but in that year Mr. Oswald Baynes made a set of patterns for a Punch and Rolls. The former was worked by a combination of compound levers, the first being a long wooden one, which had to be lifted up and down about five feet to punch one hole. It is now in St. Thomas. My Rolls were about three feet

wide and stood on a wooden frame, being worked by long wooden handles. I got my first foreman from Buffalo, and afterwards, for many years, John Nesbit had charge of the boiler shop. Our first boilers were made with one flue, and as they kept on increasing in diameter we added more, so that we finally made boilers sixty inches diameter with five flues. Our boiler plates were 2, 2½ and 3 feet wide and about 6 feet long, and the heads generally of two pieces cut from above the plates. These boilers carried from 40 to 60 pounds of steam. The boiler that drove my machine shop and foundry was made in Syracuse, and brought over to London by a man named Avey, who had a patent rotary engine which he erected near the Market Square. This boiler I purchased for my engine. It consisted of three cylinders, two of them alongside and one above, connected by large pipes. The boiler was not satisfactory, and as soon as I started making boilers I produced one with two flues, which answered all my requirements up to 1865.

I commenced making threshing machines about 1846. These were very crude affairs, being composed of a wooden frame with a cylinder twenty-four inches wide hung in it, and driven by a belt from a jack wheel. It was not long before I followed the American plan of a carrier to elevate the straw and separate the grain, together with a shaker and fan below to blow the chaff from the wheat. I continued to make separators and horse powers for local wants up to 1870.

AS BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.

I had no more than got nicely started in constructing separators, when, in 1852, I had a good run of work from the contractors of the G. W. R., who were putting the line through to Detroit River. I made for them a great many dumping cars, road scrapers, and subsequently not a few frogs and switches for the Company itself. I was also asso-

ciated with Mr. Rolf in building the present G. T. R. engine house, taking the contract for the whole building complete, making a very good profit out of it. In 1853 I entered into a contract with the G. W. R. Company to make two hundred box cars for the road, which was a great undertaking for me. I had not the room necessary on Ridout street, and was forced to lease the present block on York street between Colborne and Waterloo from the Agricultural Societies of Middlesex and Elgin for twenty-one years (I bought the property before the lease expired), and built a large brick building, 54x156, two stories high, in which to manufacture cars. My reason for doing so was that I thought it could sell out to good advantage when I was through with it for a Union Passenger Station as the Grand Trunk Railway was about entering London, and there was a prospect of a road to Port Stanley. With the contract in hand, and this prospect before me I set to work in good earnest, and purchased the best tools I could—lathes, drills, presses, and a first-class set of wood working machinery from the eastern states. I engaged a Mr. Ryno, of Buffalo, who had experience in that kind of work to oversee the whole of that department. He managed it well for me, and continued with me until all my contracts were complete. The cars were made the same width as those at present in use, but much shorter and lighter. I think they were about 16,000 pounds capacity. The roof was covered with cotton duck the full width of the car (painted of course), which I had especially made for me in Connecticut. The trucks were made mostly of wood and the Company furnished me with the wheels and axles. The wheels were called "the Washburn," and it was quite a trick to make them, so I did not undertake to supply them, but furnished the cars for \$490 each, without either wheels or axles. I commenced delivery in February, 1855, and completed the contract in September,

1856. My cars had a good reputation, as they stood the wear and tear of the road better than those of other makers. The Company paid me up very promptly until near the last delivery, when they commenced making excuses, which put me about considerably, financially. They were treating other contractors in the same way, and I began to feel uneasy. About this time my friend Mr. J. M. Williams, of Hamilton, who also had a large contract with them, put his case in the hands of Mr. Eccles, of Toronto, for collection, and they went to court. The Company fought Mr. Williams at every step, but Eccles was a match for them, and put the inspectors and witnesses through such a course of catechizing that Mr. Williams won the case. Now, thought I, is my time, so I arranged with Eccles, and, armed with receipts and papers, went to Hamilton almost in desperation, as I knew that Mr. Brydges, the manager, was going to England in a few days, and if I did not get a settlement then it would be months before I could. With difficulty I obtained a personal interview. He tried to put me off with all kinds of excuses, but I was not to be dissuaded from my purpose, and told him plainly that if he did not pay me with cash or bonds I would issue a writ and prevent him from leaving the country, which alarmed him, and he asked me to come back in an hour's time which I did, when he handed me the money and bonds. I went home with a light heart, and in the morning presented the documents to the bank, thereby relieving my bondsmen.

Early in 1856, I commenced making cars for the London and Port Stanley Railway and stocked that road with all it required, completing the contract in April, 1857. I furnished the wheels and axles in this case, making the former in my foundry on Ridout street. It was a difficult job to accomplish, but the wheels were first-class. They were all bored with flat drills in the old Buffalo lathe, which I had to elevate and attach a face plate to. I also con-

structed the turn-tables and other work to complete the railway. During these busy times, I had over one hundred men in my employ, and was taxed to my utmost to manage the whole business. My practical knowledge of foundry machinery and wood work was of great advantage, as every department was economically managed, but after all it would have been better had I kept to my own business, which the country around me would sustain, for when there were no more cars to build I realized that my local trade had drifted to other shops, and I was at a standstill for something to make. I resolved in future to stick to my own line of business should I succeed in securing it again. I could have continued the car building business had I been disposed to allow certain men of influence to get contracts for me for a share in the profits, but I was not inclined that way, and my large works remained idle for years, because I would not do business in that way. At the end of 1857, a season of depression began, which lasted nearly two years, during which time I went through severe trials and met with losses through endorsing for friends ; and although I had made some money I was fated to lose it. I well recollect the narrow escape, when I gave the sheriff a receipt for my house and contents, but I weathered the storm of those hard times which all old residents can remember. I was obliged to close my shops in 1859 as I could not find work enough to keep them going.

In 1860, I purchased the right to manufacture a reaping machine from Messrs. Clark & Shafer for the western part of Upper Canada, as it was called. In this machine the knife or cutter bar was driven by a roller which followed a serpentine groove on the inside of the rim of a large driving wheel. The simplicity was what pleased me, as I had a strong objection to selling any machinery to the farmers with any gear wheels. I spent

two years in trying to make it a success, but the roller would wear out, no matter what it was made of, and tore the knife bar to pieces. I could have sold these machines for \$90 each, and have made a good margin, but was forced to abandon it, after spending a great deal of valuable time and money. In 1861, I patented a sawing machine for cross-cutting timber, and made a good many. The same machine I improved in 1864 by giving the saw a rocking motion, and applying a self-lifting attachment which greatly enhanced its convenience thereby obtaining a first-class reputation for it. After the breaking out of the civil war in the United States, trade began to pick up in Canada, as a demand for all kinds of farm produce was good, resulting in a call for improved agricultural machinery. This gave me back the ground I had lost by building railway cars. My great mistake was that after the failure of the Clark reaper I did not get hold of a good machine and start its manufacture. I could have had the western field entirely to myself, being the first to manufacture, and might have worked up a large business ; but I allowed the opportunity to slip by ; in fact, I got mixed up in politics. Balls, Ohio, was then the reaper of the day. As I had modern wood working tools at the car shops on York street, I put together and finished all my separators, horse-powers and sawing machines there, and had to send all castings and finished iron work across the city at great expense. This state of things forced me, in 1865, to move all my tools and foundry up to the car shops and abandon the old shops, in which I had worked for 27 years. I left in them a great many patterns and the engine, boiler, shafting, etc. On May 24th, 1865, they were burnt down, and with them many relics and appliances, which had stood by me in the day of small things. After this my business rapidly developed, and I was forced to build the present foundry in 1868, which was extended to the edge of York street in 1890.

In 1869 I erected a three-run grist mill in the west end of the car shop building, and worked up a good gristing trade, which continued for about ten years, when I pulled it out to extend my machine shop. In connection with the grist mill, I went extensively into the manufacture of staves (the refuse of which I used as fuel for the boiler of the grist mill) for oil barrels and molasses shooks. In this venture, I was fairly successful, as there was a good local market for the former. I made in the next few years nearly 10,000 shooks for the West India trade and shipped them to New York. I sent one lot to Cuba. But a falling market made the venture a poor one, which, with other reverses at the same time, caused me to get out of the business. In 1874 I invented a combination of one or more stills for the continuous refining of petroleum, and devoted a good deal of time and money to its perfection. My plan was not to allow the heavy oil or tar to coke, but to draw it off gradually. The still was made similar to a steam boiler. The heat, however, only passed through the tubes, with a space below them for the tar to settle. As fast as the oil evaporated, it was kept to its proper level with a force pump, and the tar drawn off from below. We ran this still for days at a time with success, and if I had had the time and inclination I could have effected a great saving in labor and expense in the refining business.

A NEW PARTNERSHIP FORMED.

In January, 1875, I admitted my sons, Frank and Charles, into partnership; but business was dull, and, as I had a lot of old machines on hand and my patterns somewhat out of date, our enterprise produced little or nothing for two years. We employed 26 hands, and in the first year we sold about \$24,000 worth, which included six engines and twenty boilers, the balance being made up from general work. The next year we had a contract

constructing the engines, pumps and boilers for the Sarnia Water Works, which were completed and put in operation on the 1st of July, 1876. In 1877 I patented a short ported slide valve, which brought it and the piston head very close, reducing the amount of steam that was otherwise wasted to a minimum. The exhaust port lay horizontal under the cylinder, and the slide valve something like the letter E turned down with the arms up. This valve was such a success that I adopted it on nine different sizes, which we named the Leonard Engine. The other special features of this engine were that the frame cylinder and bearings were cast in one piece. This made a very strong, self-contained engine, which met with ready sale and gave general satisfaction. In 1879 a demand for threshing engines sprang up, and the Leonard Farm Engine was put on the market. Yearly since then a great many have been sold to all parts of the Dominion. It was while busy in getting out a large number of these engines (May 4th, 1881) that a disastrous fire took place, which destroyed the main building, machinery, and about fifty engines, more or less complete. We managed to get out a few engines, but virtually lost the season's work. The loss was a heavy one, as we had very little insurance, but we put our shoulders to the wheel, fitted up temporary shops, rented others, and commenced rebuilding within a week. By the end of August we had things in shape again, starting with new tools and machinery. The same year we opened up a trade for small engines in Montreal, which led the following year to the establishing of a permanent agency for the sale of our goods there.

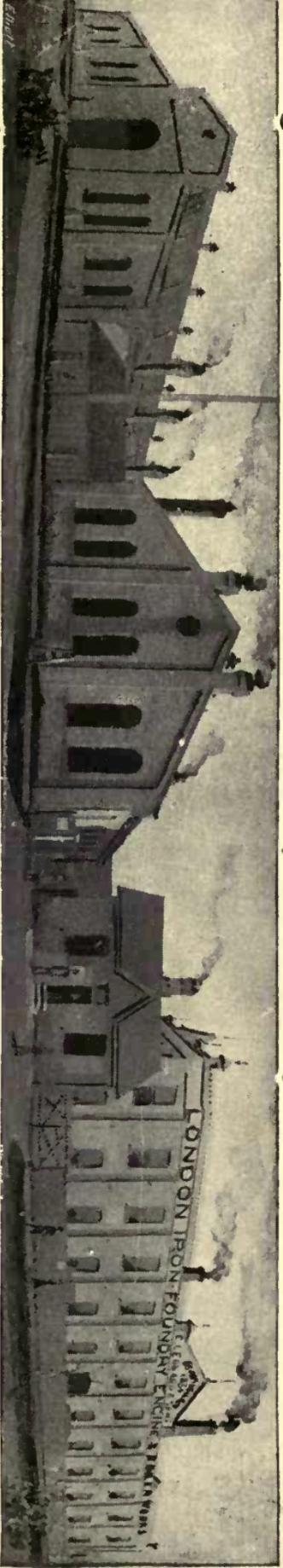
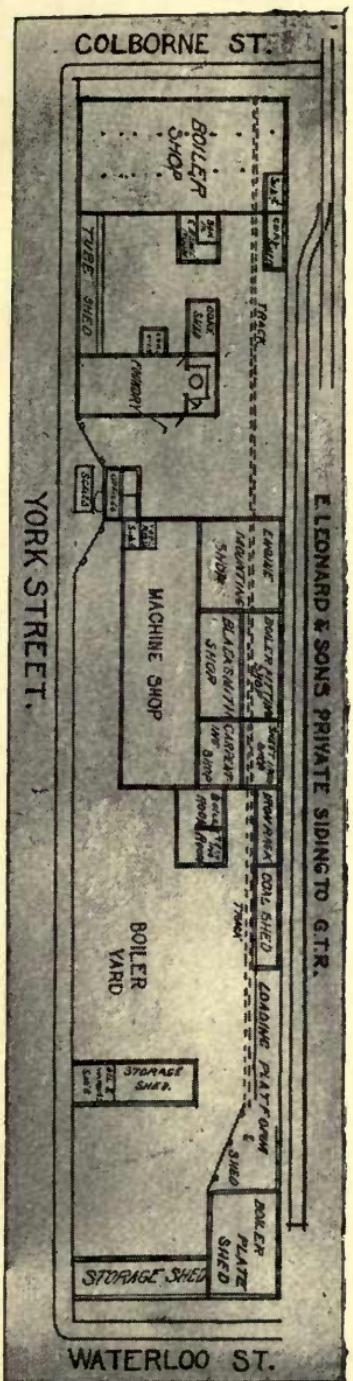
LATER SUCCESSES.

In 1882 the firm purchased the right to manufacture the Ball Automatic Engine in Canada, and it has become a great favorite. The demand for this engine has steadily increased, especially for electrical purposes, and we have

been forced to add sizes with compound cylinders. In 1887 a permanent agency was established in St. John, N.B., for all lines of our engines and boilers. In 1889 the Leonard Tangye Engine was put on the market, principally for saw-mill purposes. In the same year an agreement was made with the Corporation of the City of London for a fixed assessment for ten years, and the purchase of thirty-two feet of the south side of York Street (or boulevard), between Waterloo and Colborne, for the extension of our works. This agreement was sanctioned by Act of the Ontario Legislature, in 1890, and the erection of buildings began on November 14th in the same year. The buildings are of brick with galvanized iron roofs, the boiler shop is 90 feet wide by 148 feet long, the engine house 24x36, and the addition to the foundry extends to the street line and is 32x50. The number of men employed at this date was 140, to whom was paid \$50,000 annually in wages.

AS A FIREMAN.

Fire was always my dread enemy, and many a night I have prowled around after dark trying to detect and ward off that fearful monster. During a long manufacturing career, calling for large buildings, I believe I have been more fortunate than the majority of my fellow foundrymen, attributable, I believe, to my unremitting care and precaution in this respect. When I first came to London it was protected by what was called the "Bucket Brigade." Each ratepayer was supposed to belong to it, and to keep on his premises one or more leather fire buckets. It was not long before something better was needed, and I was asked by the Town Council, together with Mr. Rowland and Mr. J. M. Cousins, to organize a Volunteer Fire Brigade with proper engines and apparatus. We got all the information necessary, and submitted a plan which was carried out. I was connected with



the brigade for about three years, part of the time as chief, and went with the boys to Hamilton, in full uniform, when the Great Western Railway was opened for traffic. What a change has taken place since the putting in of our magnificent system of water works! How simple and effective it is now! We had nothing but tanks at the street corners in those days, depending on surface water for supply. At one time we had five engines and a hook and ladder company. The names of the engines, as near as I can remember, were the Phoenix, Defiance, Deluge, Rescue and Rising Sun. What a noise and what a clatter they did make when the system of premiums was offered for the engine throwing the first water on the fire.

SOME FINANCIAL EXPERIENCES.

The first chartered bank to open its doors to London's business men was the old Upper Canada Bank, the winding up of which caused so much talk a few years back. They were very careful in discounting in those days—extremely so. I will never forget the first \$200 advance I got with which to make some purchases, for I had to answer very many questions and go through so much formality before I got the money. The manager, instead of doing the business in a commercial way, assumed such condescension on his part for accommodating me that I was disgusted, and felt, on leaving the bank doors, more like a criminal than an honest man. It was not a great while before the Bank of Montreal opened an agency on the corner of Ridout and Carling streets, greatly to the relief of our business men. Mr. Fraser, a very unassuming and courteous gentleman, was the manager. He soon worked up a good business for the bank, but was unfortunately killed in a runaway accident near Brough's Bridge. Mr. Fraser placed great confidence in me, and once, at his urgent request, I consented to take a box of specie from London to Toronto

by stage. I found it a great bother, and quite a tax on my nerves, as I had to stay over night in Brantford or Hamilton. On getting to Toronto I dumped it down on the sidewalk, and told the teller to come out and look after it, as I was worried and disgusted with my charge. Remembering my catechising at the Upper Canada Bank, I was, as a matter of course, one of the first to open an account with the Bank of Montreal, and have continued with but a short interval, ever since. While I was under a heavy contract with the G. W. Railway I was much indebted to one of its managers (Mr. Dunn) for his advise and courteous treatment. Some years after I took an active part in organizing the London Savings Bank, becoming one of its directors. In a few years we accumulated a very considerable surplus, as it was well and economically managed. The law was then so one-sided that the directors had to take all the risks personally, which was too much to assume. Besides, with all our care and experience in making good investments for the stock-holders, we were not allowed by law any fee for our time. The directors concluded to wind it up, which they did with a surplus of something like \$10,000. This sum we loaned to the Bank of Montreal, with the understanding that as soon as the City of London and County of Middlesex should inaugurate a proper hospital scheme the funds should be invested in grounds and buildings. This was carried out some years ago, to the mutual benefit of all concerned. In 1864 I assisted in the formation of the Huron & Erie Savings and Loan Society. This company has been a most prosperous one, benefitting the depositors, shareholders and borrowers. It has proven especially beneficial to borrowers, enabling them to make improvements on their farms, spreading the payments over several years, and clearing off the indebtedness in small instalments. I remained on this board for twenty-seven years, and met there gentlemen who at all times and in every sense looked

"LOCUST MOUNT." RESIDENCE OF HON. E. LEONARD.



after the interests of the shareholders. I hope the Huron & Erie may long continue its prosperous career, and be pointed out by the citizens of London as an institution of which they are justly proud.

(The last meeting Mr. Leonard attended was 4th November, 1889.)

THE FAMILY HOME.

In 1852, in company with the Hon. John Carling, Dr. Anderson, Judge Wilson, John Diamond, Wm. Barker and Henry Dalton, I formed a company for the purpose of purchasing and selling two hundred acres of land west of Richmond street and north of John street. We divided it off into lots and finally sold it all out, I retaining the lots on the river bank for a residence. It was a pretty dreary looking sand bank to build a homestead upon, and only showed up to advantage when Talbot street was graded or cut through to the creek. I commenced to build in the fall of 1853, and moved from my old cottage in August, 1854. Our first night in the place was heralded by a terrific thunder storm, which, from our elevated position, seemed to be fated to wreak vengeance on us in our new home. The wind blew the sand from the bluff on the river into every crevice, and I was forced to get street scrapings to cover the entire lot. In 1857 I had the bank sodded and several improvements effected, which made it a beautiful home. It derived its name "Locust Mount" from a fine row of matured locust trees which were given me by my old friend, Mr. John Harris. The locust borer killed the old trees many years ago. The house was extended and altered in 1868, and the brick stable built. In this house my three daughters were born. My sons were born in the old cottage on Fullarton street. When I first went to live at "Locust Mount" the city was sparsely built. I could almost make a bee line across lots to my car shops on east York street.

CONTINENTAL TOURS.

In 1860 I was invited with seventy-five Canadians, the majority from London, to visit the Western States, principally Illinois, then being opened up by new railways. We visited Chicago, Cairo, St. Louis, Springfield, Dubuque, Dixon, and several other places, amongst them Galena, Ill., where we were driven about the city by a party of citizens, amongst them the then Captain Grant, who afterwards became their great General and President. To the majority of us the most interesting sight was a trip on the Father of Waters on a large steamboat, the Imperial. We visited a regular plantation in Missouri, some twenty miles back from the Mississippi, where we found a right royal welcome, and viewed slavery pure and simple. The sight was far from what we had been led to suppose from what we had heard in the north, for we found to all appearances peace, happiness and contentment. Our trip was a grand one, giving us an insight into the boundless resources of the great West. Those fields of corn were something never to be forgotten. We also witnessed several political processions and raising of liberty poles, and heard some speeches which were very novel to us. Illinois was stirred to its very centre just then as the two candidates for the Presidential chair, Lincoln and Douglass, were residents of her domains.

In 1864, after the session at Quebec, a large number of members of Parliament were invited to visit the Maritime Provinces, with a view of our better acquaintance, as the Confederation of British North America was a great deal talked about. We went to Portland, and thence by steamer up the Bay of Fundy to St. John, Fredericton, Windsor, Halifax, Pictou, Truro, Shediac, and many places of interest. I returned by steamer up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence to Quebec, ending a most interesting trip, abounding in

beautiful scenery, and fishermen's resources, so novel to an inlander.

In 1886 I took a trip with my friend, the late Cyrus Woodman, of Boston, over the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Coast. We were over a month going and returning, visiting Winnipeg and the principal points of interest on the line to Victoria. From there we took steamer for San Francisco, and spent a week with my friends in that locality. The climate and natural agricultural resources of California surprised me; in fact the whole Pacific Coast seemed one garden, the future of which cannot be estimated. We returned via Portland, Oregon, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, very much pleased with what we had seen, especially our own railway, and what we learnt of our heritage in the great continent of North America.

POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

I became a British subject January 2nd, 1850, with the late Mr. E. W. Hyman and several other Americans, when political feeling ran high. In those days the qualification for voting consisted in being able to prove a domicile, no matter how crude, and the result was, in these exciting times, many votes were manufactured by erecting a rough board shanty on a vacant lot, the owner or tenant swearing that he had lived there for twenty-four hours, even if he only lay on a straw mattress. These shanties would appear like Jonah's gourd in one night, and disappear as soon as the election was over. London was represented in the Conservative interest in Parliament by the late Judge John Wilson, but he was so disgusted with their conduct as a party, in regard to the Rebellion Losses Bill, that he made a strong speech in Parliament refusing any longer to support them. This exasperated his political supporters, who asked him to resign, which he said he would if the "five kings" of London, Messrs.

Lawrason, Dixon, Horton, Mathews and Salter, would petition him to do so. This they did, and he came to London asking the people to return him again. We made a desperate fight to send him back to Parliament, and succeeded in electing him by a small majority. Mr. Wilson was a very able man, and my acquaintance with him, both as a friend and in a professional way, was of the closest kind. He was a very astute lawyer, and every case he undertook received his careful attention. He had a steam engine case in our courts for a Hamilton firm, wh were suing for payment. Mr. Wilson spent a good many hours in my shops examining engines and questioning myself and workmen until he completely mastered the details of his case. When court was called he was master of the situation, and won the suit, at the same time astonishing some clever engineers who were present, with his mechanical knowledge.

LORD ELGIN'S FAMOUS VISIT.

The stirring events occurring during the administration of Lord Elgin about this time, and the visit of that Governor-General to London, I well remember. The Reformers of London and vicinity were anxious to show him how much they appreciated his impartial judgment in Canadian affairs, and to do him honor erected several arches along Dundas Street, and decorated their buildings with flags and bunting. Before Lord Elgin and his party left Nilestown, on their way to the city, who should drive up but Squires Lawrason and Mathews, with others, asking an interview, in which they advised His Excellency not to come to London, as excitement was running high, and they feared his life would be in danger. He heard what they had to say, and replied that he was not afraid, and "if God spared his life he would see London that day." He then bowed them politely out of the room. At the One Horse

Tavern a large company of farmers and citizens met the Governor-General, and accompanied him into town, but no words can convey the chagrin and disgust on finding their beautiful arches cut down and lying in heaps on the street. During their absence to bid him welcome in the suburbs the Conservatives had cut them all down, and the streets in town were lined with soldiers. The Reformers were mortified, and so embittered at this want of respect for Lord Elgin, and slight thrown on them, that had it not been for the soldiers a bloody riot would have taken place. Both Conservative and Reformer were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, but the former were in the minority, as the country people were Reformers, and had it been otherwise Lord Elgin would have suffered many indignities and, perhaps, bodily harm. The result was that only a few hot-headed Tories got into trouble. I witnessed one of the scenes on the corner of Dundas and Clarence Streets, where an Orangeman ran out from Higgins' Hotel and spat at Lord Elgin's carriage. As quick as a wink he was tapped on the head with a hickory stick in the hands of a sturdy farmer, and fell as flat as a pancake. The garrison were in sympathy with Lord Elgin, and one of the officers' wives (I think the colonel commanding) went to an upper window in the Robinson Hall, Dundas Street, and waved a small flag as he passed, which was immediately answered by a pistol shot, but it did not daunt the plucky woman, as she continued to wave her flag, amid the cheers of the crowd, until the procession passed. Lord Elgin's pluck in passing through the streets under these circumstances made for him many additional friends, who gathered in front of the Robinson Hall. I remember his speech well as he had great difficulty at first in being heard. With some witty remarks, however, he got the crowd in good humor, and told them he had obtained his instructions from England, and was going to see them carried out. This brought a noisy fellow to

his feet, with some disrespectful remarks, but he was immediately tapped on the head and shut up, when His Excellency begged his friends not to hurt the poor fellow, but to get him to bed where he ought to be. He remained several days in London, and was called upon by many citizens, amongst them myself, on whom he made a very favorable impression. I could see he was a man of great determination, but courteous and genial in his ways and conversation, which no doubt added greatly to his success as a diplomatist in the next few years.

ENTRY INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

Though I did not begin to take a very active part in politics until the Wilson election I was much interested in municipal affairs. In 1854 I was elected to the Town Council for St. Patrick's Ward, to fill the place of Mr. Jas. Oliver. When the city was incorporated in 1855 I was elected as alderman, together with the late Wm. McBride, for Ward No. 2. In those days the Council elected the Mayor from amongst themselves. In 1856 I was again elected for the same ward, and was put in nomination for Mayor against the late William Barker, but was defeated. The following year (1857) I got the unanimous vote of the council and was elected Mayor, but the smooth sailing of the first few months in the civic chair did not continue, and for the balance of the term I put in a very turbulent term of office. As Chief Magistrate of the city I was obliged to attend the Police Court every morning, disposing of all the delinquents collected during the day and night previous. It was a good school for me in some respects, as I had full scope to study human nature, and to practice the greatest patience in disposing of drunks, fighters, quarrelers, trespassers, and family disputes. They often came to my residence after night for a warrant or some advice, which I did not appreciate. It was during my term as Mayor that

a special committee was struck to investigate the affairs of the London and Port Stanley Railway, and a report was presented to the Council as to my connection with the Company so misleading that many citizens were inclined to believe a greater part of the report was true. The committee were not, however, well informed; and when, in answer to it, the directors of the road issued a statement of the financial affairs and my connection with it as a director and contractor, fully exonerating me from any blame or dishonesty, it was plain to any unbiased person that their charges were groundless. The directors' report did not, however, prevent the Council from carrying their report, and getting an order to impeach me, but it fell through, as they really had no ground for their charges. This uncalled for action was a great source of annoyance and worry to me, but I lived it down as a man should who was in the right.

About this time (1857) was a general election, and as Mr. Wilson refused to become a candidate it was necessary for the Reformers to nominate some one else. After a good deal of persuasion and being presented with a large petition, I consented to stand at a meeting at Strong's Hotel, November 25th. The principal issues at stake were "Representation by Population," "Equitable Bankrupt Law," "No Imprisonment for Debt," "Annexation of Hudson Bay Country," and last, but not least, "The Abolition of Separate Schools." My address reads, "I am strenuously opposed to Separate Schools, and in favor of a united system of national education, irrespective of creed or descent." My decided stand on this plank of my platform contributed largely to my defeat, for I had nearly all the Churches against me as they favored a separation. The Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Methodist Churches advocated it. I think a good many of them wish they had no Separate Schools now—at least I surmise this from what

we have heard for the last two years. A great many Reformers voted for this measure conscientiously, too, which much reduced our numbers. I was badly defeated by Mr. Carling, he carrying the election by 578 majority. Immediately after the election, I had a copy of the voters' list made, and out of about 350 who cast for me I only found two Roman Catholics and six Orangemen. I have always found Reformers very independent in their opinions on public affairs—a trait which has frequently worked to their disadvantage as a party. This school question was one of them.

In 1860 I allowed myself to be put in nomination for the St. Clair division of the Legislative Council then being reorganized into an elective body. The convention was held at Strathroy, and the candidates were the late Malcolm C. Cameron, of Sarnia, and myself. My friends worked hard for me, as the vote showed that out of twenty-seven delegates I got thirteen—an unlucky number, it is said, but as events turned out, a lucky one for me inside of a year. On the 21st of November, 1861, a convention of Reformers was called at St. Thomas to select a candidate to represent the Malahide Division in the Legislative Council, which consisted of the City of London, East Middlesex, East Elgin and West Elgin. The different constituencies were well represented by forty-five delegates, and Messrs. Niles, Moffatt, Buckley and myself were put in nomination. After the nominees had spoken we all retired. The convention finally selected me as the standard bearer, and after thanking the delegates I immediately impressed upon them the necessity of a thorough organization (as my experience in London had proven lack of which was one of my weak points). The convention caught the spirit of the proposal, and immediately set themselves to work selecting committees and laid out for me dates and places to address the electors.

The next ten months I devoted almost entirely to politics. Half that time I was away from home from Monday morning until Saturday night, neglecting my family and business. I was never so thoroughly in earnest in my life. I canvassed right and left, friends as well as opponents. I knew the odds were against me, for the total majorities of the four constituencies at the previous elections were something like 800 against a Reform candidate. The Elgins I was sure would give me a good majority, inasmuch as my previous residence in St. Thomas and my business struggles made me better known there than my opponent. I worked these two ridings well, holding meetings in nearly every schoolhouse, sometimes twice a day, afternoon and evening. What spurred me on to increased activity was a conversation I had with my opponent shortly after being nominated, in which he advised me to retire. "It was folly to think of it," he said, "there was not the least chance," and he added, "Why, Leonard, I will beat you 1,400 votes." This was said in such a manner that it roused and nettled me, and I resolved that my defeat would not be my own fault; I would show him that plainly before I got through. He started his canvass with over-confidence, and I am sure if he had worked half as hard and had seen half as many electors as I did he would have been returned in place of me. One of our first meetings, where we came face to face with each other, was at Belmont during a cattle fair. I was the first to make a speech to the electors and was followed by Mr. B. who, in a very praiseworthy manner, called me a good citizen and neighbor (as his office was opposite my works on Ridout street). He added that I had served my city in several public capacities to my credit, but he ridiculed the idea of sending me to the Canadian House of Lords to represent such a large and prosperous riding, for I had not much education, was a mechanic, and made plow points for

a living. I was standing in a doorway opposite him when he said this, and shouted out loud so all could hear me that "that should be the issue between us, Law Points vs. Plow Points." This sally took with the crowd of farmers, who cheered and cheered again. It was a very foolish speech for him to make. After this meeting I was called the "Plow Point Candidate," and the title served me well. Soon after being nominated Mr. Archibald McKellar, then the member for Kent, and now Sheriff of Wentworth, offered his services, which I gratefully accepted as he was well-known in West Elgin, and could carry nearly every Scotch audience with his Gaelic, which he used to great advantage. Mr. McKellar was a powerful campaign speaker, with his plain facts, hard hits, and witty criticisms. He was a hard man to speak against. It was midsummer when we started out together, and the schoolhouses were close and hot, making it hard to interest an audience on public questions. As the windows were generally open, the people would disport themselves on the adjacent fences and woodpiles for air, but when Mr. McKellar commenced an address in Gaelic they would come in like a flock of birds, filling every corner at the sound of their mother tongue. He scored a good point one night in West Elgin. While he was speaking one of my friends came forward and whispered that my opponent had quietly taken a seat at the back of the room. At an opportune time in his address he commenced to sniff and look about as if for fire, saying, "Gentlemen, I think there is a Tory about. Will you be kind enough to look under the benches and desks and in the corners and see if there is not one concealed." The audience were in high glee, for some one shouted out that he was there. At this Mr. McKellar called out "is that you, Mr. B.? I thought you could not be far away, for I can tell a Tory a good way off. But why did you not come in and show yourself like a man?" He gave

him a great raking over, finally invited him to speak, which he did, but "Archie's story" had had its effect, as we carried the meeting on a division.

MR. MCKELLAR'S JOKE.

Mr. McKellar was a great one to play a joke, and he played one upon me during one of our Quebec sessions, as follows: While writing a letter one Sunday in the Legislative Chamber, a messenger handed me an envelope containing a note and tract, issued by the Religious Tract Society, with the heading "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The note went on to say, "So the ancient prophet was told when God found him where he ought not to have been, and may I be permitted to ask what doest thou here, my friend, on the evening of the Lord's Day in such a mass of confusion, among such a crowd of Sabbath breakers and idlers? Were you not taught in your younger days to fear God, to hate every wicked way, etc., etc.?" I was at first taken back and inclined to think seriously of the reproof, but, happening to glance up at the gallery opposite, I noticed Mr. McKellar and a few others holding their sides with laughter at my serious face. I knew in a moment who sent the note, so I called them down and had a good laugh. I have the tract yet.

STORIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

During the Malahide canvass, unfortunately, the fight drifted into personalities, of which we both should take our share of the blame, for they are quite unnecessary and out of place in any political contest. As the civil war was going on in the United States, and the excitement of the Trent affair was not over, my opponent took advantage of my place of birth to traduce and persecute me for being American-born, accusing me of all kinds of motives contrary to the welfare of my adopted country. I am now

satisfied that these unreasonable charges had the opposite effect, especially along the lake shore, where a great many of the present owners' forefathers had come in from the United States and settled. In early days I can remember seeing hundreds of covered wagons, containing whole families and their household effects, travelling through the County of Elgin from the eastern States to Michigan and the far West. Many of these people, seeing our beautiful land, went no further, and settled along the Talbot Street, becoming true and loyal subjects of Her Majesty, espousing her cause and that of their adopted country. It is thus the world over we become moulded into loving our neighbors, our homes, and surroundings. The accusation against me was unjust, for every interest in this life, wife, children, and property, were anchored as much in Canada as my home as if I had been born under the British flag. I was billed at Port Stanley for a meeting months before it came off, but what did my opponent do but summon a meeting of his friends on the same day and place. Port Stanley was one of his strongholds, but I was bound to be even with him for this, and wrote to the chairman of my committee in London to collect forty or fifty of my friends and quietly leave the city on a special train that I would have ready for them. When the meeting was well under way in came my London friends, who made the meeting in my favor by a majority show of hands. My opponents were dreadfully taken back for they expected to out-vote me two to one, but were completely outgeneralled that time.

While at a day meeting in Iona, West Elgin, one of my ardent supporters put a wrong construction on my opponent's way of talking that I am sure helped to carry the meeting. He noticed that while my opponent was being introduced to the electors he held his handkerchief in his hands. This was too good a chance to lose, so

calling aside a big Scotsman, he told him that my opponent did not think much of farmers, as he always wiped his own hands after shaking hands with that class of the community. "Just look at him now," he said, "he draws his handkerchief through them every time." The Scotsman was offended, saying, "I wadna hae believed it, he'll get nae mair votes frae this settlement," and away he went, calling his neighbors' attention to it. It was a fact that my opponent had a habit of drawing his handkerchief through his hands while talking, but the motive imputed was wide of the mark ; he was too much a gentleman to act with any such motive.

Among the many stories told to injure my standing was one that I had made butcher knives for the rebels during the rebellion of 1837. It was circulated that I would be confronted with the proofs at the next meeting at a schoolhouse not far from Tilsonburg. A great many came long distances to see me tried, but no witnesses put in an appearance, so I was declared not guilty. This silly story made me many friends—more than the Conservatives liked. My old friend, Mr. Joseph VanNorman, was chairman of this meeting, and put in a good word for me for old acquaintance sake.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CONTEST.

The long nine months canvass had so worked up the constituency that as the time drew nigh the whole division was in the highest possible pitch of excitement. Early in the spring there had been a change of government. The Macdonald (John Sandfield)—Sicotte Reform Administration assumed power at Quebec, which was a favorable turn in events for my candidature. When my opponent or I could get a chance to address electors, we took advantage of it, and sometimes appeared at the same place advocating our respective claims. The most exciting and disgraceful

scene of the whole campaign was on the nomination day, 10th September, 1862, at St. Thomas. The returning officer, the late John McKay, Registrar, had erected in the Court House square a covered shanty, elevated enough above the ground to speak from. From this place Mr. McKay received the nominations, and when this was over he was required by law to ask the friends of each candidate to take opposite sides and he who had the largest number present was declared elected, provided the majority present did not demand a poll. It was at this very important part of the proceedings—for each of us wanted to show the Returning Officer that he had the largest number of votes present—that my opponent and I got into an altercation. He tried, in his zeal, to get between the Returning Officer and myself and I endeavored to prevent him. I remember very little what happened for a few moments afterwards, but I was jerked by my coat tails from the front of the platform and landed in the rear on the ground with my hat gone, my coat torn, and my head and back bruised. My friends seeing me disappear from the front, knew I was not getting fair play, and rushed to my aid, resulting in a good many personal encounters. By the time I got to the front again, all was confusion, and the assembly was more like a mob than anything else and wholly beyond control. Who got the nomination proper I do not know. The way I was treated on this occasion made for me many friends from the other side, who came up afterwards and announced their intention to support the Reform candidate. The week between nomination and election day was spent in appointing scrutineers, organizing committee men and arranging details which was no easy matter, as the new Malahide Division stretched seventy miles along the lake shore and forty miles back to the northerly limit of London Township. The polling occupied two days, the 17th and 18th September, and as no ballots were then used the

elector had to say openly before the Deputy Returning Officer who he voted for. The ballot was not introduced until some years afterwards. I spent the morning of the first day at the polling booth at Montgomery's Hotel, London Township, accompanied by the late Thomas Scatcherd, who did me good service during the canvass. Early in the afternoon I came back to the city, where I found my friends working very hard for me, with the late E. W. Hyman as chairman. Their noble work for the Reform cause told at the end of the second day, when a previous Conservative majority of over 500 was pulled down to 70. Late on the evening of the first day returns came in very discouraging; in fact, it showed me about 80-behind, owing principally to votes not being polled in the Elgins. I at once called a meeting of my London supporters, and asked for volunteers to accompany me to St. Thomas. A great many responded. My friends in Middlesex and London were doing their work thoroughly, and I was loathe to ask for help to go south, but we started for St. Thomas by special train about midnight, with the determination to turn the tide to victory if at all possible. Arriving in St. Thomas, I found my good friends there had also seen where the weakness of the first day's work lay, and had just retired to rest, after having made all arrangements for a vigorous push in the morning. I thanked them for their earnestness, but asked them to start on their canvass then and there, if they wanted to carry the riding for Reform. The noble work done in the northern part of the riding was a great stimulus, which, with my appeal to try and complete a great victory, put new life into their movements. The two ridings were immediately divided up into sections, and my friends started off with their teams, early as it was, east and west. I am satisfied that the impetus given by this movement was felt all along the lake shore, rolling in a handsome majority at the close of

the second day. I first turned my face west, and with the help of my friends in Fingal soon got conveyances started north and south to bring in voters. As fast as they were sent back they were despatched for other electors. The ball was kept rolling in this manner until evening. I had the great satisfaction of hearing that the west had given me a handsome majority of 68 in the same riding that had shown a minority of 13 at the previous election. I was much encouraged in the town of St. Thomas. The result of the committee work there was most satisfactory. Being open voting, we could tell the state of the polls every hour. As I advanced east, a wet blanket settled over my hopes, when I learned that Yarmouth, the great Liberal township was not toeing the mark in numbers of votes. I used all my powers to get them to understand the situation, and succeeded in inducing my friends to redouble their efforts. I then proceeded east as far as Aylmer, but found much the same apathy, which I tried my best to counteract and partially succeeded. A good many excuses were offered for not turning out to vote. One was that the farmers were busy threshing. Another was the indifference shown by many, as the odds were largely against a Liberal being elected, and another was that neither candidates were local men. Things looked pretty blue about this time for my return, but what made me feel bluer still was to have my friends come up and say "that after all they did not think I would be defeated more than two hundred anyway." I was tired out, having been up all night discouraged by these prophecies and completely undone at the prospect of defeat. I determined to try and catch the train at St. Thomas for home, and started with defeat staring me in the face after my nine months' of hard, hard work. I remember well how mortified I was on ascending a hill near which a threshing was going on to see the men stop their horses as we approached and gather along the fence.

I thought to myself, "Now I am in for some scathing remarks," and sure enough they met me with all kinds of insulting election cries. I did not answer them, and paid little attention to my assailants, but felt like turning and giving them a piece of my mind. It was just as well I did not, for the tide of victory for the Liberals had set in. We met on the top of the same hill some friends who gave me a cheer, announcing at the same time how old Yarmouth was doing her duty, and had rolled up a majority of nearly 70 during the day in my favor. This was encouraging and renewed my hopes. As we advanced towards St. Thomas the news from the different sections grew more and more hopeful. On arrival home I was told I was no doubt elected. My personal feelings I cannot describe, as I had gone through so many vicissitudes in the last forty-eight hours, but I was grateful not so much for being myself the successful candidate but for the triumph of Reform principles, which I knew the country were in sympathy with. I was also pleased that my fellow-citizens saw fit to endorse my position, that though American-born it was no detriment to my serving my adopted country in Parliament.

In the evening I addressed my friends from the Tecumseh House, congratulating them on the handsome victory that had been won and hoping to be of some service to them in return. A great many farmers came in to get the latest returns, and the streets were crowded. No wonder, as the fight had been a desperate one, and both the candidates lived in the city. I was more than ever pleased towards midnight to learn that our efforts on the last day exceeded our highest expectation, East Elgin giving me a majority of 218, West Elgin, 68; and last, but not least, East Middlesex actually giving me 14. The latter was quite unexpected, as it had formerly been carried by the Conservatives by something like 200. My own city stood by me well, and in place of snowing me under with

over 500 let me off by giving my opponent only 70 majority. These totals gave me a clear majority of 230. This appears a very good majority, but when you consider there were 7,874 votes polled, the contest was a very close one, and is to this day looked upon by the older citizens as the hardest fought campaign this part of Canada ever saw.

The closing scene of the contest was at St. Thomas on declaration day, where the official announcement was made. My opponent felt his defeat very much. We both made a few remarks, thanking our friends for their efforts on our behalf, and shook hands with each other burying the hatchet and all personalities then and there for ever. After the declaration my friends in St. Thomas and vicinity formed a procession and headed by a band paraded the town. But what I was the most proud of that day was to be told that on top of the pole carrying the Union Jack in front was a plow point made by myself years before in my little foundry in "Hog Hollow." This was a fitting ending for a truly Plow Point Candidate's triumph.

IN PARLIAMENT.

My first introduction to Parliament was in the beginning of 1863. Then the House met in the City of Quebec. In those days it took nearly two days to reach the capital from London. It was also dangerous work as the passengers and mails had to be carried across the river in canoes, with the river filled with running ice. We held one summer session in Quebec, which was very pleasant, but in 1866 the capital of Canada was permanently fixed at Ottawa, where the new buildings had been erected, greatly to our comfort and convenience. I always remained a supporter of the Reform party through its many vicissitudes and trials, and I believe the country will yet pronounce a verdict in its favor that will bring about a season of prosperity that she will long enjoy.

THE LONDON AND PORT STANLEY LEASE.

In 1871 I opposed, to the best of my ability, the lease of the London and Port Stanley Railway to the Great Western Railway for several reasons. First, it would shut out competition in freight rates that could be got from our lakes and canals by reaching Port Stanley; second, it would prevent us getting access to business centres on the Canada Southern Railway, east and west, which was then about completed (and to get communication with which, via the London & South Eastern, we paid the handsome sum of \$75,000 a few years ago); third, the Credit Valley Railway was then working its way west, and would no doubt have come to London if the Company could have reached the Canada Southern Railway by getting running powers over the London and Port Stanley Railway. The question of lease was much favored, in order to get a handsome rental for the road and the establishment of the car works, which, together with a political phase worked for all it was worth, carried the deal. I believe that that little road had been up to that time the making of London, and will again do wonders for the city, by keeping in check the rates of other roads if put on the same footing as it was twenty years ago.

RESCUE OF A SLAVE.

The year after I was Mayor (1858) I came very near getting into a scrape by encouraging the keeping of a colored lad in Canada. A recognition of the injustice of slavery was, I suppose, born in me from the first, as it was in all Northerners. It was the only blot on the American people as a nation, and I disliked it the more I heard the stories of so many escaped slaves. Canada was then their only safe place of residence. I was at the Great Western Station one noon on the arrival of the train from the Suspension Bridge, when I noticed a dandy sort of a fellow pacing up and down the platform with a bright negro boy

at his heels, acting as his body servant, and sending the little innocent to buy his papers and cigars. He was rather communicative, and told in my hearing how much the boy was worth when he got him south. I had heard stories of this illegal traffic going on in the North but had never come face to face with it. I knew in a moment this creature had been east and had enticed this boy, perhaps from his home. In turning around I saw on the station Anderson Diddrick, the colored man who carried the Union Jack in front of our firemen when in procession. I told him I was afraid that boy was going into slavery and it was too bad to see him dragged off free British soil to work all his life for some one else, and perhaps be badly treated. The train started, the man whistled to the boy, and off they started for Detroit. This brought the tears to Diddrick's eyes. I asked him if he knew anyone in Chatham. "Yes, several." "Would they take the boy away from this man?" "Yes, they would," but he had no money to telegraph. I gave him some, and he immediately wired the state of affairs, which was responded to in great shape. When the train stopped at Chatham, sure enough there were nearly a hundred colored men and women with clubs and staves who surrounded and boarded the train and demanded the boy. He was handed over by his greatly surprised master without much ceremony and taken up town. Mr. Kidnapper was very glad to get off with a whole skin from this desperate company. The railway company had these people all summoned for disturbing the peace, and quite a fuss was made about it. I was summoned to attend court in Chatham, but the papers miscarried. I believe, when the magistrate learnt the whole truth, he bound over some of the foremost, and the act of trespass was in a short time forgotten. I have been given to understand the boy lived for many years afterwards near Chatham.

CONCLUSION—A SON'S REMINISCENCES.

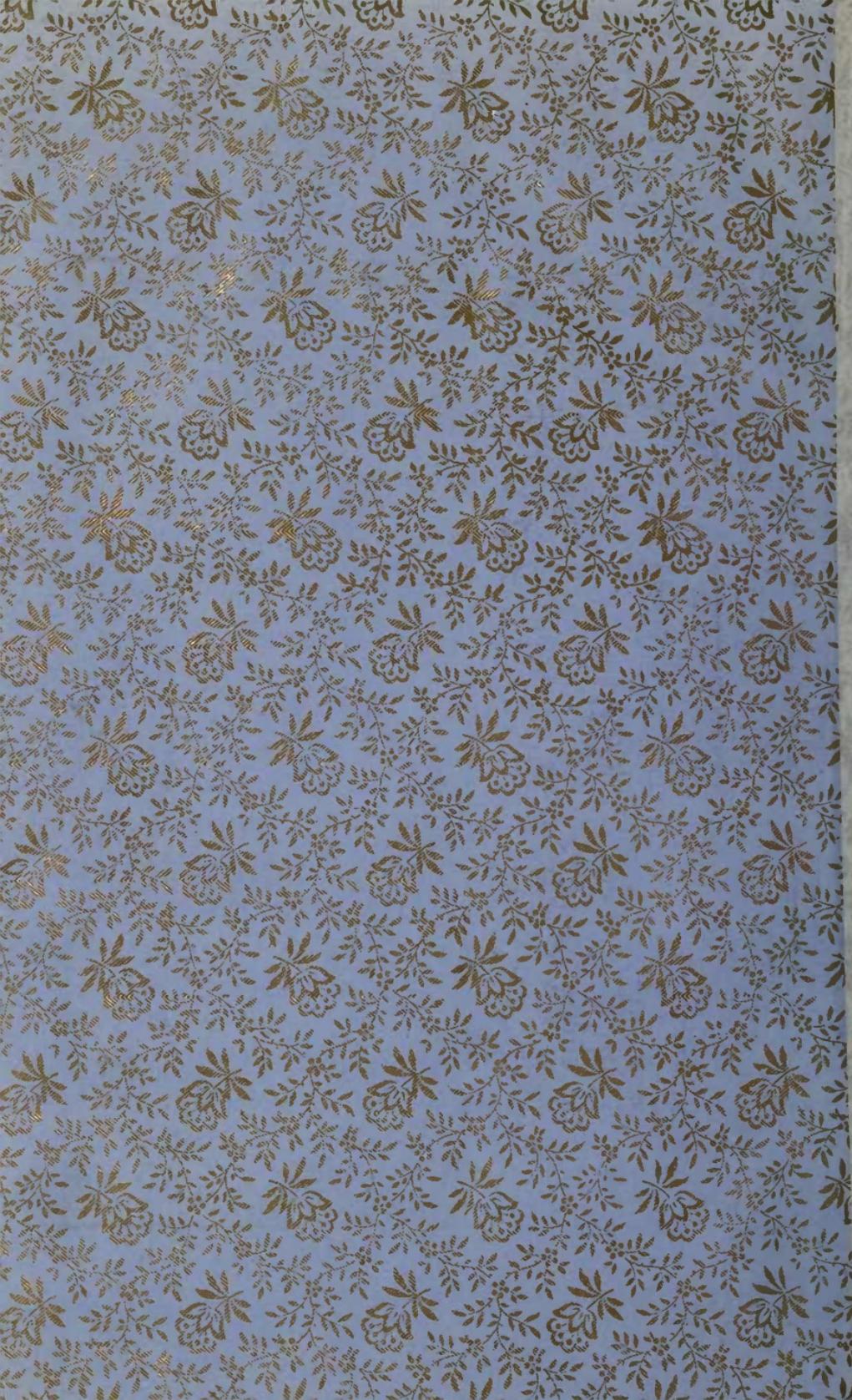
It is not an easy matter to close these memoirs and do full justice to my revered parent, and the reader will excuse me if in the conclusion of them I overstep the mark in estimating my father's noble character. My earliest recollections are of the pleasantest kind. He it was who gave me my first lesson in arithmetic, as I stood at his side in the old house on Fullarton street, when he was taking one of his late dinners. I got very little of his company in my childhood, as it was his busiest time, but as we children were able to put questions and take an interest in affairs about the works his attention in us increased as we matured. Whatsoever puzzled our little brains he took a pleasure in making easily comprehended. We were never told "to get out of the way," or "little boys should not ask questions," but, on the contrary, were allowed to go where we liked in the establishment. I am sure this liberty often tried the patience of the workmen, as we were continually making all kinds of carts, sleds, boats, and even tried once to construct a steam engine (but it never steamed). As we became more companionable, he interested himself in explaining the workings and principals of mechanics, which have been so useful to us. As soon as we were able to perform duties about our home, they were allotted to us, and we were placed on the weekly pay roll for wages. This was a grand incentive to industry and effort on our part, as it gave a value to our services, however small. Every boy, I am sure, feels a pride in being so recognized. The result was we were encouraged to save, which, as our weekly stipend increased, led to quite a sum when we had reached our respective majorities. Of course, father was the banker all those years, paying us such a liberal rate of interest on our small savings that I am ashamed to reveal it. We were never off the pay roll at the works from that time, having special duties allotted to us.

at home or the works as an equivalent. As we grew to manhood, our dear father became more of a companion. We talked with and advised each other like brothers and partners. I remember getting a good scolding for attending to some pressing duty before I made an entry one day in the cash book for money received. He said, "This will not do, Frank ; you had better take off your hat and lay it on the ground as a reminder to come back and finish your business rather than not make the cash entry first." I never forgot it. In giving credit to a prospective customer, his judgment was worthy of note. It consisted in scrutinizing his hands. If they proved to be hard and callous, and his team of horses looked well cared for, he would be pretty sure to get all the credit he wanted. My father was self-possessed under all circumstances, whether it was at the death-bed of one of the family, witnessing the destruction of his property by fire, the sudden announcement of a financial failure, or in a political discussion. He was always cool, never disturbed, never excited, nor did he ever use an unkind word, even when vexed almost beyond endurance. My father might have enjoyed more of the world's ease if he had chosen, but it was not his way. He was more contented with a daily routine in business, his newspapers, and his few friends than anything else. Many citizens will remember his long walk from one side of the city to the other in the early morning. This exercise prolonged his life, as I am quite sure had he given up active attention to business ten years ago his life and usefulness would have been shortened. When remonstrated with in this particular, and advised to take things with greater ease, he would say that his holidays were taken when attending Parliament. This was true in a sense, for he was very fond of his fellow members, and enjoyed a political argument with them as much as anyone. The Senate and its connection

to public matters gave him just as much interest in public affairs as his retiring life wanted. The change from business was then to him a holiday. My father was very broad in his religious views, believing in every person having the fullest enjoyment of religious liberty. His idea was that it mattered little what a man believed in if it made him God-fearing, honorable in all his dealings, and a law-abiding citizen. My father had no fear of death, and often expressed to me the wish that when his time should come it would be a sudden carrying off. This wish was denied him for he endured a prolonged illness of twenty-two months with the greatest possible patience. During all that time he never murmured. When talking of his illness and the prospect of his getting better he would say "It is all right; I have had my share of disappointments, but have been blessed with many, many comforts." At another time he told us that "Death was a beautiful order of nature." What grand words these are! How fearlessly he must have looked into the great unknown future to have uttered them! They have been a great comfort to us all, and I hope that they will prove a talisman which may help us to lead such a life that we may be enabled to say the same.

Thus ended a life full of usefulness, full of example, and full of fatherly care such as may be well copied.

F. E. L.



MAR 7 1988



FL-29-12-56

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Title A memoir.

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

